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*To Helen Salter*

My Own



\* Poem by  
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Music by  
RUDOLPH GRUEN



To Helen Salter  
My Own



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*Dreamily*

*p*

You are the eve - ning cloud, Float - ing in the

sky of my dreams, I

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*mf* slightly hurried

paint you and fash-ion you, ev - er with my love

*rit.*

*mf* slightly hurried

*rit.*

*f* tempo I

long - ings, You are my own, my

tempo I

*sf*

*ff*

own, Dwell - er in my end - less

*p* *rit.*

*ff*

*p* *rit.*



*pp tempo I* *p*

dreams, Your feet are ro - sy

*mf*

red, With the glow of my heart's de - sire,

*p* *f*

Glean - er of my sun - set songs, Your lips are bit - ter



sweet, With the taste of my wine of pain,

*ff* *very first and brilliant*

You are my own,

*8.* *ff* *p* *tempo I*

Dwell - er in my lone - some dreams,

*rit.* *pp* *tempo I* *rit.* *pp* *tempo I*



*Freely and dramatically*

*f*

With the shadow of my pas-sion have I dark - ened your

*mf*

eyes, Haunt - er of the depth of my

*mf*

*p.* *sim* *p.*

*mf* *faster*

gaze, I have caught you and

*faster*

*mf*



*rit.*

wrapt you, in the net of my mu - sic,

*f tempo I*

You are my own, my own, ———

*fff*

*sf tempo I*

*fff*

8.....

*p*

*pp*

Dwell - er in my death - less dreams. ———

*p*

*pp*



